Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar, My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leen. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: beleeue me now, I neuer kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come board ſodainly.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeues ſerue the gre and they haue ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, ther will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead, and throw but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe pon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remaine, Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine.

Enter the three Bands.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Meta* lants, we loſt too much money this mart, by be leſſe.

Band. We were neuer ſo much out of creatur poore three, and they can do no more then they with continuall action, are euen as good as rott

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what them, if there be not a conſcience to be vſde in e ſhall neuer proſper.

Band. Thou ſaiſt true, tis not our bringing ſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe a But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Band. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſt blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, there's two vnwhole ence, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that lay baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhee made h